

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILROAD

EMIGRATION AND OTHER MATTERS.

We take the following from the Montreal correspondence of the Toronto Globe:—

This afternoon Mr. Duncanson McIntyre was at work in the Syndicate offices and was visited by a large number of gentlemen on Syndicate business. If business matters have been as successful as has been Mr. McIntyre's trip from a health-giving point of view, the Syndicate would have little cause of complaint. Your correspondent, in conversation with Mr. McIntyre, learned that the stream of emigration from Great Britain this year cannot fall of being very great, as the vessel in which he had sailed to New York was obliged to leave a great number of emigrants behind at Liverpool and Queenstown.

"Where are those emigrants bound for principally?"

"Most of them are going west."

"To the United States or the Dominion North West?"

"Most of them to the States I think, but a very large number are going to the Dominion North-West."

"Have the Syndicate completed their emigration arrangements?"

"No, not yet. We were too late in the year. If we had had the contract signed before Christmas I think we would have had all things arranged for a very heavy stream of emigration this year. You cannot, however, make arrangements all in a week with the steamship companies."

"Will you have any emigration this year?"

"Oh, of course we shall have a great number. Mr. Stephen was in Scotland not very long since, and his arrangements will send a large number. The great bulk of our emigration will commence next season."

"What about the statements that you are replacing Canadians with Americans in the western section of your road?"

"There is no foundation for such a statement. We of course choose a good man for head of a department, and do not interfere with the appointments he makes. We sent Mr. Baker out there as our chief executive and accountant, and his experience with the Allans, Canada Central, etc., fitted him for the place. Then there is Mr. Harden, whose experience upon the Grand Trunk is well known and acknowledged. We have invested our money in the enterprise, and we must get the men who, in our opinion, are the best to fill the situations."

"What about the sale of your lands? Have you succeeded as well as you anticipated?"

"Yes, we have done pretty well, though some people have made an effort to show that our lands are not worth giving away. We sell our lands at \$2.50 an acre."

"Do you charge that price all over the area chosen?"

"Yes, we make no reservation whatever."

"I notice you Syndicate is to build the Sault Ste. Marie Branch line from Callander Station. You have changed your mind about that have you not?"

"Well, no. That is the Syndicate has not."

"I think you said before you went to Europe that you were likely not to build that bit of the road at all?"

"Yes, I recollect. The Syndicate had not then made up their minds to amalgamate with the Canada Central. It was in London they decided to do that. When they did so then they took up the question of the Sault Branch, and seeing in it a good stroke of business have resolved to go ahead with it. By that means we can take our emigrants through to the Sault, and during seven or eight months of the year send our supplies and emigrants through our own country."

"Who are to build from the American side to meet you at the Sault?"

"We do not meet any one at that point. We will have the steamers there during the navigable months, and will come down to Montreal over the Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa and Western Railway."

"To return to the North Shore Railway, what kind of offer was it that the Syndicate made to Mr. Chapleau and the Province of Quebec for it? I notice the *Miner* and Mr. Chapleau grumble that your offer was ridiculously low—that it was the lowest of all the offers they received."

"We never made them any offer whatever (emphatically). I am in a position to say that the Syndicate never offered a dollar for the North Shore Road."

"How have you succeeded in your disposal of the North-West land in Great Britain? Have you sold any of it?"

"Yes, in the Red River district alone we have disposed of over 300,000 acres."

"Here Mr. McIntyre read a telegram in reference to locations in half a dozen townships, asking what the prospects would be for the party telegraphing should make selections of land in any of them. He stated that in reply he had announced that selections made in good faith by parties would be respected by the Syndicate when the lands will have been surveyed."

"You will charge them the same prices as others pay?"

"Yes; \$2.50 an acre all around."

"Are your supplies arranged for in Great Britain?"

"Yes, such of them as we purchase in Great Britain. Some of them are on the way now."

"What do you purchase in Canada?"

"Since the contract has been signed we have ordered in Canada 580 flat cars and 200 box cars, besides a large number of first and second class cars for passenger traffic."

"Where are these being made?"

"The majority of them in London, Ontario."

"What about your locomotives—will these be made in Canada?"

"They are not easy to get just now. They are rather scarce in Canada. We cannot get them, and we are likely to suffer very much from want of them."

"What about the Kingston works, will they make any for you?"

"We will take them where we can get them of course."

"What is the principal attraction possessed by the North-West lands for British farmers?"

"There is much interest aroused there about the cattle trade, and if we can show them that we really possess the facilities for cattle raising that we think our lands possess there is little doubt as to the flood of emigration that will pour in."

EPPE'S COCOA—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING—

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected cocoa, Mr. Eppe has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which will save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist any tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever

there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette. Sold only in packets labelled—JAMES EPPE & CO., Homeopathic Chemists, London, England. Also makers of Eppe's CHOCOLATE ESSENCE for afternoon use.

OBITUARY.

It is with deep regret we announce the death of Mr. Patrick Cosgrove, of St. Gabriel de Val Cartier, P.Q., an event which occurred on the 13th of last April, after an illness of three weeks. The deceased was highly esteemed and respected for his integrity and worth, and acted as agent for the True Witness for a number of years. Requiescat in pace.

A LOSING JOKE.

A prominent physician of Pittsburg said jokingly to a lady patient who was complaining of her continued ill health, and of his inability to cure her, "try Hop Bitters." The lady took it in earnest and used the Bitters, from which she obtained permanent health. She now laughs at the doctor for his joke, but he is not so well pleased with it, as it cost him a good patient.—Harrisburgh Patriot.

BREVITIES.

Mr. G. Amyot's election for Bellechasse is to be contested.

Toronto tailors are agitating for an increase of wages.

Belleville's Corporation expenditure for the past year amounted to \$35,558.43.

In the past sixteen years the British Indian Budget has shown a deficit sixteen times.

During the past six years the population of New Zealand has increased 55 per cent.

On Friday evening last a little boy was killed by lightning at St. Charles, Bellechasse.

The last two steamers from China to San Francisco brought nearly a thousand Chinese each.

The National Exhibition at Tokio, Japan, was visited by 65,000 persons during the first 15 days.

George A. Kirkpatrick, M. P., has been elected President of the Kingston Water Works Company.

No fewer than fifty-three derelict vessels were sighted and reported to Lloyds, in January, in the north Atlantic.

The writ for the election of a representative Peer, vice Lord Dunboyns, has been issued. Lord Ardilaun is spoken of.

The autograph fan is the latest invention. It is made of parchment, and distinguished personages can write their names on it.

Two Coughnawaga Indians were drowned yesterday morning while attempting to run the Upper Joachim rapids in a small boat.

An Egyptian blue-book shows that there are 5,370 schools, 5,272 teachers, and out of 850,000 children in the country, 140,000 go to school.

The Brazilian Government has resolved to repress the system of Indian slavery and to punish all those who may possess slaves on the Amazon.

Colonel Malcolmson has been honorably acquitted by a court-martial at Bombay of the charge of cowardice and misconduct at the retreat from Malwaud.

It is reported that English capitalists are negotiating for the purchase of 5,000 acres of Cumberland marsh lands in Nova Scotia, for the purpose of starting a cattle ranch.

The father of the present Duke of Sutherland was thirty-seven when he married the Duchess, and was a daughter of Lord Carlisle, and was only seventeen. He was deaf, a man of delicate sensibilities and large humanitarianism. The hospitalities of Dunrobin Castle, where Americans were welcome, were magnificent.

Chicago has a Mormon church, founded by the followers of the original Joseph Smith, but it does not countenance polygamy, and claims that the following passage was in the unannotated Book of Mormon: "Wherefore, my brethren, bear me, and hearken to the word of the Lord; for there shall not any man among you have save it be one wife, and concubines he shall have none, for I, the Lord God, delighteth in the chastity of woman."

A few years ago John Peck became a Boston car conductor, and during the first week or two he was dreadfully vexed at the frequency with which his car got off the track. One day the end of a rail flew up and stuck in the car, and that night, utterly disgusted, he threw up his place. In the season that followed he took the matter into consideration, and in a few days called on the superintendent of the line he had left and said he could make a "chair" which would remedy the trouble. The officer was at first incredulous, but Peck produced models which were deemed satisfactory, and was told to make a trial. To-day Peck's patent railroad chair, for which he secured several patents, is used by all Boston street railroads, and on many great steam roads.

"Where have you been for a week back?" enquired a man of his neighbor; "I have not a week back," retorted he, "you misunderstood me," remarked his friend; "but if you ever get a week back try Burdock Blood Bitters. It cures all debility arising from disordered Kidneys, Liver or Blood, and is the best purifying Tonic in the world. All medicine dealers supply Sample Bottles at 10 Cents. Regular size \$1.00. 38-2

Next week will be commenced in THE POST the Serial "Charlie Stuart and his Sister," one of the most charming stories ever published and written by one of the purest and most charming of authors.

WHAT THE SUPERIORESS' OF THE CONVENTS THINK OF THE WEBER PIANOS.

New York Piano Co., Montreal.

GENTLEMEN—It is with pleasure I announce that I am perfectly satisfied with the Weber (New York) piano which I bought from you. It gives every satisfaction, and I would be happy to have it introduced into all our establishments, as well as to all those who wish to buy a fine piano.

Yours respectfully,  
SISTER ST. ROMUALD,  
Superiress Congregation de Notre Dame,  
Joliette

We have used the pianos of Mr. A. Weber in this institution for several years, and feel pleased in recommending them for their fine tone and durability. They give entire satisfaction in every respect.

SISTER MARY ANGELO HUOUES,  
Superiress Mount St. Vincent Academy,  
New York. 37 5

REDMOND O'DONNELL

OR  
LE CHASSEUR D'AFRIQUE.

PART II.

CHAPTER XXVI.—CONTINUED.

You waged war with Lady Cecil Olive, in taking her lover from her, and she certainly never wronged you. She was your friend through all."

"The hard look came over her face once more, a hard light in her large eyes.

"Was she? In your eyes of course, Lady Cecil can do no evil. But what if I told you she had done me the deepest, the deadliest wrong of all?"

He looked at her in surprise.

"I don't understand," he said, a little coldly. "I believe Lady Cecil to be incapable of willfully wronging any one. And she always spoke gently of you."

She leaned her forehead on her hands, and pushed back her hair with a long, tired sigh.

"What a mockery, what a satire it all is—the world and the people in it! We are all sinners, but I wonder what I have done, that my life should be so accursed! Redmond O'Donnell, this morning I felt almost happy—a fierce, triumphant sort of happiness—I had fought a long, bitter battle, but the victory was mine at last. Now, if I could lie down here and die, I should ask no greater boon. My life has been from first to last a dreary, miserable failure. Oh, God! I want to die. My life has been bitter, bitter, bitter, and I feel as though I was steeped in crime to the lips. If I could only die and end it all! But death passes the guilty and miserable by, and takes the happy and the good."

Her folded arms were lying on the table, her head fell forward on them as though she never cared to lift it again. From first to last she had been a creature of impulse, swayed by a passionate, undisciplined heart—a ship adrift on a dark sea without rudder or compass.

"There have been days in my life—in the years that are gone—aye, in the weeks that I have spent yonder at Scarswood—when I have held the lantern in my hand, to my lips, that would have ended it all. But I did not dare die—such wretches as I don't die. It was not death I feared—but what comes after. Captain O'Donnell," she lifted her haggard eyes and looked at him, and to the last day of his life the hopeless despair of that day—the hopeless pathos of that voice haunted him, "what must you think of me? What a lost, degraded creature I must be in your sight!"

He took both her hands in his, a compassion such as he had never felt for any human being before stirring his heart.

"What am I that I should judge? And if I thought so, would I ask you to be the companion, the sister of my sister? There is nothing but pity for you in my heart—nothing. Give up this dark and dangerous life and be true to yourself—to the noble nature Heaven has given you, once more."

She rose up—her hand still in his, a sort of inspiration shined in her face.

"I will," she answered. "You—whom I thought my enemy, shall save me. I renounce it—the plotting—the evil—the revenge. And for your sake—for the love you bear her, I will spare her."

He looked at her in mute inquiry. She smiled, drew away her hands, and resumed her seat.

"You do not understand. See here, Captain O'Donnell, I told you, did I not, my second object in returning to England was to discover my parentage? Well, I have discovered it."

"You have?" he cried, breathlessly.

"I have discovered it. My father lives, and the daughter of my nurse occupies my place in his heart, the name I should bear. It is a very old story—changed at nurse—and that nurse has confessed all."

"You have done this. Then I congratulate you indeed! You will go to your father at once, of course! No one, believe me, can rejoice at this more sincerely than I."

"You mistake. I will never go. This morning I had intended—but that is all past now. If I renounce my revenge and wrongdoing in one way, I renounce it in all. I never understood half-measures."

"But there is wrong-doing here—it is right—it is your duty to go."

"Captain O'Donnell, don't you see another life in my place, and misery upon her? My father is a very proud man—he would not have his pride or his dignity to acknowledge such a daughter as I."

"All that has nothing to do with it," the chasseur answered, "with the firm sense of right and wrong. To-day I am to go to your father, and tell him that I have done this to his pride to yours."

She smiled.

"Would this be your advice if I, for example only, my father were the Earl of Ruyland, (I am sure you understand, as the first I think of), suppose I went to him and said, 'My lord, I, Katherine Dangerfield—Helen Herculiste—Gaston Dantree—any alias you please—am your daughter; she whom you call Lady Cecil Olive is but the daughter of your former servant, my nurse. She hated your dead wife, my mother, and when you came to claim your child she gave you hers.' Suppose I said this—suppose I could prove it—what then? Would the earl clasp me to his bosom in a gush of parental love? Would Lady Cecil get down from her pedestal of birth and rank and let me mount? Think of the earl's shame and pain—her suffering—Sir Arthur Tregenna's humiliation; think how much happiness I, the usurper, enjoy. Bring the case home, and tell me still, I, you can—to go."

"I tell you still to go. Right is right. Though the Earl of Ruyland were your father, though Lady Cecil had usurped your place, I should say, go—tell the truth, be the cost what it may."

"You, who love Lady Cecil, give me this advice? Captain O'Donnell, you don't love her."

"I love her so well that I leave her; I love her so well that if the thing you speak of were possible, I would be the first to go and tell her. Once again—in the face of all that may follow—I repeat, go! Tell the truth, take the place and name that are yours, and let me help you if I can."

But still she sat keeping that strange, wistful, searching gaze on his face.

"You love her so well that you leave her," she repeated, dreamily; "you leave her because she is an earl's daughter and you think above you. If you knew her to be poor—poor and low born—"

"I would still leave her. It would make no difference. Poor or rich, gentle or simple, who am I that I should marry a wife? My soldier's life in camp and desert does well enough for me. How would I do, think you, for one brought up as Lady Cecil Olive has been? I can rough it well enough—the life suits me; but I shall never care to see my wife rough it also. Let us pass all that—I don't care to talk of myself. Lady Cecil Olive is not for me—anywhere than one of her Majesty's daughters. Let us speak only of you."

She rose up with a strange, unfathomable smile, crossed the room without a word, lit a candle and placed it on the table before him. He watched her in silent surprise. She drew from her pocket a folded paper, and handed it to him.

"You have done greater service than you dream of in coming here," she said. "Do one last favor. I want this paper destroyed. I have a whimsical fancy to see you do it. Hold it to the candle and let it burn."

He took it doubtfully. He read the superscription—"Confession of Harriet Harman," and hesitated. "I don't know—why should I? What is this?"

"Nothing that concerns any one on earth but myself. You will be doing a good deed, I believe, in destroying it. Let me see you burn it. I can do it, of course; but as I said, I have a fancy that yours should be the hand to destroy it. Burn it, Captain O'Donnell."

Still wondering—still doubting—he obeyed. He held the paper in the flame of the candle until it dropped in a charred cloud on the table. Then she held out her hand to him with a brave happy smile.

"Once more I thank you. You have done me a great service. You have saved me from myself. When do you and your sister leave?"

"To-day; but if I can aid you in any way—if I can take you to your father—"

"You are ready to do it I know; but I have not quite made up my mind about that yet. It is not a thing to be done in a hurry. Give me a few hours. Come back if you will before you depart, and if you have any influence with the Earl of Ruyland, don't let him send that search-warrant to-day. Let us say goodbye, and part for the present."

He stood and looked at her doubtfully. He felt vaguely that never had he been farther from understanding her than at this moment.

"I will come," he said, "and I hope—I trust by that time you will have made up your mind to return to your father, and—"

"Certainly—he will not know her—poor fellow. He knows nobody. Farewell, Redmond O'Donnell—my friend."

There was a lingering tenderness in her voice, in her eyes, that might have told him her secret. But men are totally blind sometimes. He saw nothing. He grasped her hand. "Not farewell," he said: "an revoir."

She went with him to the door. She watched him with wistful eyes out of sight.

"Farewell," she said, softly; "farewell forever. If Henry Otis had been to me what you are, six years ago I had been saved."

CHAPTER XXVII

THAT NIGHT.

Three hours later, and Redmond and Rose O'Donnell had quitted Scarswood Park forever. The last farewells had been said—to Lady Dangerfield, weeping feebly, not so much at their loss as over the general distress and misery that was falling upon the place, cold, and white, and still, giving her parting kiss to the sister—her parting hand-clasp and look to the brother. "Farewell forever, my love—my love—whom I loved me once," that long, wistful, hopeless glance said, "To Lord Ruyland, politely affable and full of regrets to the last."

Confound Mrs. Everleigh and her masquerade ball, and doubly, trebly confound Miss Herculiste for persuading Geneva to go. The only consolation is we'll have her on the hip before night falls."

"And even that consolation I must ask your lordship to forego," O'Donnell said, with a half smile. "I have been to see Miss Herculiste. And there is no need of that search-warrant, my lord. I believe you are at liberty to enter and go through Bracken Hollow as freely as you please—if you only wait until to-morrow."

"My good fellow, do you know what you are saying? Wait! With such an arch-traitress as that! Wait! Give her time to make her escape, and carry off her victim—her prisoner, whoever it may be, and start life luxuriously in London or Paris, under a new alias, and with poor Sir Peter's money. My dear O'Donnell, you're a sensible fellow enough in the main, but don't you think this last suggestion of yours betrays slight symptoms of softening of the brain?"

"My lord—no. You see I know Miss Herculiste's story and you don't—that makes the difference."

"Gad!" his lordship responded, "I am not sure that I care to know any more than I do. If my previous history be in keeping with its sequel here, it must be an edifying autobiography. Is her name Herculiste, or what?"

"Her name is not Herculiste. I do not know what it is, I believe she does not know herself. My lord, she is greatly to be pitied; she has gone wrong, but circumstances have driven her wrong. The bitter cynic who deems virtue as only the absence of temptation was right, as cynics very generally are. In her place, I believe I would have done as she has done—aye, worse. Life has dealt hardly with her—hardly—hardly. I tell you so; and to leap too greatly to the side of pity for the erring is not my weakness. Gaston Dantree is the ghost and prisoner of Bracken Hollow. She has confessed; but I believe he is well and kindly treated; and if, instead of caring for him there, she had left him to die like a dog in a ditch, she would only have given him his deserts. She has taken (fairly or unfairly as you will—I don't know) a large sum of money from Sir Peter Dangerfield; but I say there too she has served him right; in her place I would have taken every farthing if I could. She has done wrong in the matter of the ball, but even there treated as Lady Dangerfield daily treated her, I don't say I would not have done the same. From first to last I maintain Miss Herculiste has been more sinned against than sinning, and so your lordship would acknowledge if you knew all."

His eyes were flashing, his dark face flushed with an earnestness that rarely broke through the indolent calm of long habit and training. His lordship stood and stared at him agast.

"Good Heaven!" he said; "what rhodomontade is this? Is the woman a witch? and have you fallen under her spell at last? And I would acknowledge all this if I knew all. Then, my dear fellow, in the name of common-sense tell me all, for I'll be hanged if I can make top or tail of this. Who, in Heaven's name, is this greatly wronged—much-to-be-pitied Miss Herculiste?"

"Perhaps I ought to tell you—and yet it is such a marvelous story—"

"Egad! I know that beforehand; everything connected with this extraordinary young woman is marvelous. What over it is, it cannot be much more marvelous than what has gone before."

"My lord," O'Donnell said hastily, "I see my sister waiting, and I have no time to spare. Here is a proposal: don't go near Bracken Hollow until to-morrow, until you have heard from me. Before I leave Castleford I will find time to write you the whole thing; I really don't care to tell it, and when you have read her story, I believe I only do you justice in saying you will tell Miss Herculiste alone. I have reason to think she will leave Castleford to-day with my sister and me—that she

will share Rose's asylum in France, and that all her evil doings are at an end. To-night you shall have my letter—to-morrow do as you please—Once more, my lord, farewell!"

He lifted his hat and sprang down the steps to where Rose sat in the basket-carriage awaiting him. Once he glanced back—he half-fancied to see his lordship standing petrified where he had left him. He glanced up at a particular window. A face that dead and in its coffin would never look white, watched him there. "He wad d his hand—the p'oties flung up their heads and dashed down the avenue; in a moment Scarswood lay behind them like a place in a dream."

There was not one word spoken all the way. Once Rose, about to speak, had glanced at her brother's face, and the words died on his lips. Did he love Lady Cecil after all—had he loved her vainly for years? They went to the Silver Rose. Miss O'Donnell had her former room, and there, wrenching himself from the bitterness and pain of his own loss, he told her the story of Gaston Dantree.

"If you would like to see him, now is your time," he said. "I am going to Bracken Hollow. You can come, if you like."

She listened in pale amazement, shrinking and trembling as she heard. An idiot for life! At the horror of that fate all her wrongs paled into insignificance—what awful retribution was here? She rose up ashen gray with pity and horror, but fearless and quiet.

"I will go," she answered.

He procured a fly and they started at once. Again it was a very silent drive. Redmond O'Donnell forced his thoughts from his own troubles; brooding on hopeless loss of any kind was not his nature, and thought of Katherine. He almost wondered at himself at the pity he felt for her—at the sort of admiration and affection she had inspired him with. How brave she was, how resolute, how patient; what wonderful self-command was hers; what elements for a noble and beautiful life, warped and gone wrong. But it was not yet too late; the courage, the generosity, the nobility within her would work for good from henceforth. He would take her to France, her better nature would assert itself. She would one day become one of those exceptionally great women whom the world delights to honor. She—he paused. They had drawn up at the gate, and standing there with folded arms, with rigidly compressed lips, with eyes that looked like gleaming steel, stood Henry Otis.

The Algerian soldier knew him at once, and knew the instant he saw him something had gone wrong. As he advanced with his sister Mr. Otis flung open the gate, took off his hat to the sister, and abruptly addressed the brother.

"I have the honor of speaking to Captain Redmond O'Donnell?"

"I am Captain O'Donnell, Mr. Otis," was the calm answer. "I come here with my sister by Miss Herculiste's permission."

"I inferred that. This is your second visit to-day?"

"My second visit," O'Donnell added, secretly wondering why the man should assume that belligerent attitude and angry tone. "I trust Miss Herculiste is here? I came expecting to meet her?"

"Miss Herculiste is not here!" Otis replied, his eyes glancing their irate steely fire; "she has gone."

"Gone!"

"Gone—fled—run away. That would not surprise me; but this does." He struck angrily an open letter he held. "Captain O'Donnell, what have you been saying to her—that influence do you possess over her that she should resign the triumph of her life, in the hour of its fulfilment, for you? By what right do you presume to come here, and meddle with what is no way concerns you?"

Redmond O'Donnell stood and looked at him, his straight black brows contracting, his voice sinking to a tone ominously low and calm.

"Rose," he said, "step in here and wait until I rejoin you." She obeyed with a startled look. "Now then, Mr. Otis, let us understand one another; I don't comprehend one word you are saying, but I do comprehend that you have taken a most disagreeable tone. Be kind enough to change it to one a little less aggressive, and to make your meaning a little more clear."

"You don't understand?" Otis repeated, still with suppressed anger. "Have you not been the one to counsel her to renounce the aim of her life, to resign her birthright because, forsooth, the woman who has usurped it is your friend? Have you not been the one to urge this flight—to compel this renunciation?"

"My good fellow," O'Donnell cried impatiently, "if you intend to talk Greek, talk it, but don't expect me to understand. And I never was clever at guessing riddles. If Miss Herculiste has run away, I am sincerely sorry to hear it—it is news to me. What you mean about renouncing her birthright and all that you may know—I don't. I urged her to